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Bard

= = = = =

No glance cast
an armorer safe among his hammers
wooden men he shapes his tinware on

is me at morning—
nothing to see
except the cast of the day

to see the feel of it and turn away.

16 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

I BOW MY HEAD

to the inner engine dragged me from dream

we went to see a lady maybe half a mile away, I carried secateurs for her garden she didn't finally want, she shuddered when she saw it, not scissors at all but a big food chopper you press down hard and it springs up again, you pound it down again and again to mince anybody's onions,

I still feel the thing dangling from my fingers as I walked,
we stepped over a tiny brook that bound her house in,
a little winking stream around what is called her property

16 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Now that's over with
the dream of having a dream
to tell
and the night
heron still perches by the clam flats
dreamless as what happened,
as a stone, what really happens.

16 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

There is a pause built into things

a measure

you can hear it some days

like a magpie calling on the road to Thebes.

16.VI.09, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

It's when you tell me what to do I do.
Painters call it a commission
I call it when you say Write me a poem
about merry-go-round horses
stored all jumbled together in the glassed
in sunporch of the old Allen House
hotel closed a dozen years now
and nowhere to go, Christ, not even
one circle left in the whole world.

16 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Cross it out and pick up the pieces.

Something needs you – cork

has to come out of the bottle

some blue is leaching into the horizon—

things change. Face them as they come.

Reading about death always makes it seem further away.

16 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

How could I say it again
if I never said it even once before?
And yet I do, time and again,
like a clock whose every tick
is startled by its own next tock
and every minute is apocalypse.

16 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Small answers
the kind you might believe
even if I say them

taking my hands for
once off the stars and
slice instead a strawberry

a fat firm none too tasty
one they shlep from
Mexico in all seasons

fine for you in honey
and yoghurt and a white
bowl with a cobalt

rim around it—
there, now will even
you believe me?

17 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Sometimes you wear glasses—
what do you see on other days,
the inside of time
looking back at you, more a taste
than a shadow, a feel
from the eyes that's not exactly seeing?
Would you *be natural*,
my daughter, even as the poet
pleads? Or would you keep
from seeing the look in my eyes,
I who am nobody's father?

17 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

ONZE

I like eleven. Elevenses. Hendecasyllabics of Catullus, of Dante. Eleven line poems of mine or anybody's. Two figures standing side by side against the horizon, upright, looking away from me. Eleven in the number of the sea, which always stands beside itself. Two fingers holding a cigarette. The Twin Towers like two young men standing side by side, eleven the sign of Sodom, the towers destroyed by homophobic fundamentalists who can't being next to anyone. Eleven. A pen and a pencil nested in its presentation case offered to a businessman about to retire. Gold and gold. A man looking back on his whole life. You standing next to your shadow on the white wall.

17 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Find a place where the chairs are at home—
that's what you're looking for,
and the windows have 20/20 vision
and the stars come out all night.

17 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

I can too remember my past lives,
all my incarnations—
they're all in the dictionary
waiting for me to speak them and remember.

17 June 2009
Cuttyhunk